



Johannes and the Curtain



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Chapter 1 by Benslacks

Johannes looked out over the waves, and silently begged them to rise and swallow her vessel. She had been studying the sky, the ocean, and her bleeding, chapped hands. Being stranded on what was basically a half-broken raft was considerably less fun than she had ever imagined it would be.

She lifted her hand to shield her eyes from the sun, which seemed to beat down on her even more relentlessly when she tried to avoid it. Johannes had the notion that if she tried- really tried- with all her concentration and every ounce of her faith, that she could sink her fingers into the sky and peel it back. She felt that if she could just move it a few inches, it would reveal a dark room with a cool pool of water. She could almost smell the chill, damp air... could almost hear a lonely drip of water into the shallow pool.

Johannes could pry the sky open; it wouldn't take her physical strength, but it would require her to want it- to need it- with her whole heart and soul. She steeled herself. Turned her palm outward and curled her fingers in a furious claw. She squeezed her eyes shut so hard she saw stars. She pictured the dark room. She could even feel the cool air on her fingertips. She swept the curtain away and snapped her eyes open, ready to leap to the safety of the distant room. The sun beat down on her shoulders. A cool breeze swept her hair away from her eyes.

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